



CURRY

Arts
Journal

2010

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Editors' Note

Dear Reader,

Thank you for reading the latest edition of the *Curry Arts Journal*! We appreciate the support you've shown over the years and hope you enjoy the writing and artwork we have compiled for *Curry Arts Journal 2010*. In creating the journal, our goal was to shine a spotlight on some of the many truly talented writers and artists at Curry College. We received so many wonderful pieces, which made it extremely difficult to choose.

We want everyone who submitted to know that your creations were all appreciated and enjoyed. If your piece did not get chosen, do not despair. Your skills are needed and welcomed to enhance the quality of *Curry Arts Journal 2011*. For the next edition, we highly encourage all Curry students to submit literary and visual artwork on any and all subjects. Submitting a piece is a great learning experience and having it published is a significant recognition and achievement. Additionally, we call on faculty members to encourage students to submit their work and also spend a semester or two as a *Curry Arts Journal* editor. Students need to know this is a great opportunity, especially if they are unsure of future career plans. Who knows? Their work on the *Curry Arts Journal* may unearth a hidden talent or a love for the arts that they never realized they had. As editors, we were fortunate to experience different genres and media through a perspective that not only influenced our own writing and artwork but also strengthened our ideas on art and culture. We have a newfound respect for those who passionately work day in and day out to produce something of such meaning and value.

In the year-long process of overseeing all the submissions, selecting pieces for publication, and showcasing student work, we have acquired experience through practice and expanded our skills in critiquing, editing, design, layout, publicity, and events planning. As a student-based publication, we hope to increase the size of our

team and make the *Journal* more successful each year. The interest we've received over the years has propelled us to continue our work in the hope of topping the previous edition. Moreover, we wish to bring awareness and discovery to all of the wonderful talent floating around our very own college.

For students interested in exploring the many aspects of producing a literary arts journal, the *Curry Arts Journal* offers two practicum courses, ENG 2540 and ENG 2545, taught by Professor Karen D'Amato. Students may enroll in both courses to earn a total of three credits per semester and six credits during an academic year. Each course can also be repeated once for a total of twelve credits. The structured, for-credit arrangement encouraged us to stay on task and enhanced our dedication to process and product. Participating students experience a range of responsibility that influences the *Journal's* content, including corresponding with students concerning their submissions, arranging workshops with student authors, editing final selections, and planning events.

As editors, we were also responsible for a variety of public relations activities, including conducting classroom visits to publicize *Curry Arts Journal* deadlines and events and writing content for and designing flyers. This year's flyers received an updated, fun look, which we hope enhanced the awareness on campus. We held one open mic each semester, inviting students to read different genres of their writing and to listen to the works of their peers in an intimate setting. We would like to thank Acting Library Director David Miller and his staff for providing the space for the fall reading and helping to set up and host the event; similarly, we want to thank Interim Director of the Student Center Allison Coutts, Assistant Director of Student Center Operations Mark Metevier, and their team for helping us to plan and carry out our inaugural event in the Student Center. The hospitality and collaboration of all mentioned above contributed so much to the success of our events.

The fall event to celebrate the first National Day on Writing featured haiku poems by First Year Seminar students and open mic readings by student and faculty writers ranging from

journal entries to academic publications. In honor of National Poetry Month, the spring event took place in April in the newly opened Student Center. The introductory segment by ARTiculation spoken word artists Tory Bullock, Terri Deletetsky, and Shaw Pong was a fan favorite, and we thank Tory and his friends from Boston Center for the Arts for their continued support and wonderful entertainment. Following the performance, Writing Poetry students and *Curry Arts Journal* authors read original work (and even performed original music with guitar accompaniment!). As part of the spring event, we also collected donations for the victims of the Haiti earthquake. Our hearts go out to them in this saddening time. We would like to thank all faculty members and students who read, attended, and donated at this event. We also extend our thanks to Assistant Director of Student Activities Angela Gugliotta and Administrative Assistant Caressa Kiselus for their help in coordinating the collection and assisting with publicity.

Another step in publicizing the *Journal* was classroom visits. Current and former *Curry Arts Journal* editors presented to classes to inform students of upcoming deadlines and events. All editors were responsible for promoting events and discussing the Practicum class along with encouraging students to submit their best work. To this end, we invite students who wish to improve their writing to attend our workshops. The workshops are collaborative meetings where editors and authors share revision ideas and discuss editing suggestions.

On the subject of collaborations, 2009 continued an exciting partnership between Curry's award-winning radio station WMLN (91.5 FM) and the *Curry Arts Journal*: readings of selections from the 2009 edition were broadcast live from the Club Fair in September. This was a great way to celebrate the new edition and extend the reach of Curry writers. We would like to thank WMLN, especially WMLN Director Alan Frank and Program Managers Brett Franklin and Dan Mazella for coordinating and producing this event.

We would also like to thank Assistant Director of Student Activities Sarah Bordeleau for including *Curry Arts Journal* selections, particularly those of graduating seniors, in the 2010 yearbook. As in previous years, we were happy to share selections and pleased that many of this year's writers and artists have found a wider audience and second home in the yearbook. We heartily encourage other innovative suggestions from this and other student organizations in the future.

Concerning the *Journal's* production, we have again received valuable help from individuals in the Curry Publications Department, namely Production Artist Greg Nasca, who completed the design and layout work for the new edition; Photography Assistant Brian Winchester, who photographed and prepared the artwork; and Graphic Designer Rosemarie Valentino who supervised the project.

In closing, we wish to thank the following professors for their great help with this edition: literary faculty judges Jeannette DeJong, Dorria DiManno, Dorothy Fleming, Sandy Kaye, Jeannette Landrie, Lori Lubeski, David Miller, Gail Phaneuf, and Karrie Szatek for their time, their sensitive reading of texts, and their useful comments toward revision; and visual arts faculty judges Laurie Alpert, Iris Kumar, and Elizabeth Strasser for their time, expertise, and encouragement of student artists. Again this year, we would especially like to thank Iris Kumar for guiding her students in their creative cover designs.

Our thank yous would not be complete without acknowledging David Miller and his library staff for providing the Practicum with a friendly meeting place as well as access to a library computer lab; Paula Cabral, Senior Administrative Secretary for the Faculty Building, and work-study students Caitlin Bye, Rachel Daponte, and Ashley Willoughby for their indispensable help with *Curry Arts Journal* publicity and distribution; Gail Bryson, Administrative Assistant for the Management Department, and work-study student Meghan White-Dias for distributing and mailing the 2009 edition; the Student Activities Office for its continued

commitment of funding and resources; and Fran Jackson and Rosemarie Valentino of the Office of Institutional Advancement for their continued commitment of expertise and resources to the *Curry Arts Journal*. We also extend our appreciation to Chief Academic Officer David Potash, Associate Dean Lisa Ijiri, Dean of Faculty Cassandra Horii, Humanities Chair and English Coordinator Susan Peterson, and Writing Program Director Sandy Kaye for their continued support of the Practicum and other *Curry Arts Journal* initiatives.

Lastly, we would like to thank Professor Karen D'Amato for her unwavering dedication and generosity to the production of *Curry Arts Journal 2010*. Her supportive and caring nature helped us immensely while creating it. After reading this edition, we hope you will agree that due to our collaborative efforts and the community's endless support, *Curry Arts Journal 2010* is a quality student publication full of diversity, originality, and heart.

Sincerely,

Steve Cordeiro
Brittany Capozzi
Alex "Wheelz" Danahy
Michelle Harber
Sydney Kasierski
Kelly Martin

The *Curry Arts Journal* Editors

THE NEW POET

By Jed Thomas Zatzkin

I try and try to make it rhyme
All the time I try to find
That sign, that muse, those blinds
To keep out the sun, those words that chime
I look and look but I never find
The answer to questions in my mind
I obsess and stress, I'm in this bind
All the while never realizing
I don't have to try and try to make it rhyme

THE WALK

By Jennifer Jones

My mind is ever so cloudy
And so I decide to walk.
The sunset is a potent purple haze.
I feel high just from the sight.
Hold on, I tell myself,
For I am almost there.
There lies the sea of green,
So quiet.
Nature's voice
Screams my name with rejoice.
Sweat on my body evaporates
As the melancholy wind starts to blow.
I breathe it in,
I taste it,
And then I am no longer hungry.
Leaves turn their backs to me,
Revealing their dark underbellies.
This means the rain is coming.
I lace my fingers through the roots of this tree
And its nurturing blanket protects me.
We dance like the grainy pictures
Of old soulmates.
The droplets fall off the tips of my fingers
As I hold my hands high.
Nature's tears are my bubble bath.
I am an intruder to this house, yet the weeping
Willow's arms still wrap around me
And cradle me deep inside.
Beautiful forgiveness.

RAIN.

By Phillip Revie

I see cabs moving through my city
Swathed in orange light,
Moving to the tri-color beat of the
Bionic conductors.

I see love hidden under umbrellas,
Shielded by trench-coats and
5-dollar ponchos.

I see runners on the reservoir,
Sweat blended with water on their brows,
Cleansed, but only from the outside.

I see dark shapes on park benches,
Hidden under Moishe's cardboard and
Plastic tarps.

I see my city
Cleansed by rain on the surface
And yet still filthy.
Nothing completely clean.

WATER LILIES

By Jed Thomas Zatzkin

A convergence of greens, blues, yellows and purples
Calm on the surface
While creatures below scurry and fight for survival

A child skips stones, tearing down bullfrogs' homes
The sun shines and blinds a bird swooping in for food

Clouds and planes dance through the fun house mirror calm
While grass and leaves sway, a breeze cools the air

DREAMER

By Kelly Martin

She looked out towards the crowd
whose every heart beat in sync
to the rhythm of the moment. Her eyes shone
as everyone chanted her name
in unrelenting unison.

How she dreamed of this day
when love and good things surpassed
hate and animosity, when kindness and generosity
outweighed violence and mean-spirits.
This was her time, a time like no other.

A time when the people mattered
their voices mattered, and they had a say.
They were changing the rules, changing the tides.
Nothing would ever be the same.

They were enraptured by her words
which left her lips so beautifully
so eloquently. She spoke of love, of happiness
of wonderment and excitement.

But most of all, when all else failed
she preached one thing and one thing only:
All good things.

All good things.

AN AMERICAN PRAYER

By Diana Pappas

Our father who art in Washington,
War will be thy name.
When your end has come and Iraq is gone
our boys won't be the same.

One man,
two men, just a few men.
How many men will you condemn
before your term is done?

You snare these boys, these tiny toys,
your patriotic soldiers.
But what they get they can't forget,
those burdens on their shoulders.

Builds plenty of character,
or so you say.
But when they get back, if they get back,
there are more important bills to pay.

Internal scars and external wounds,
to you they're all the same.
You rarely admit they have problems,
to you it's just a game.

Two generations
with countless fucked up lives.
You take children from their mothers
And husbands from their wives.

Parents kiss their kids goodbye
for what could be the last time.
But all you can think about is oil,
oil is the only thing on your mind.

To get at it, you thoughtlessly
risk our lives, innocent lives,
lives that are caught in the crossfire,
scrambling for cover, just a hair too slow.
The latest episode of your twisted show.

You build our society on these threats,
these idle bets
that our army will, of course, win out,
and throughout all of this you never doubt
the point of your mission or the orders you have given.

Why can't you see the damage you've created,
how this is ill-fated,
how history has repeated:
we've fought another fruitless war.

Our fuehrer who art in Washington,
gone is thy fate.
Your end has come and Iraq's not done,
our boys won't be the same.

Amen.

GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE

By Brittany Capozzi

Thunder scolds me,
the dark makes me eyeless,
the dry air slices my skin
and bites my breathing.

I am an orphan,
yet aware of where I belong.
I'm journeying to find your mind—
picking up where your life
left off.

Your recorded soul in the poems,
your painted stories on our walls,
your copy of Michener's *Journey* on my shelf
measures only a teaspoon of your legacy.

I'm journeying to find your mind—
picking up where your life
left off,

taking pieces of you with me
to bring the rest of you back home.
The dry air slices my skin
and bites my breathing.

Dementia robbed grandma's house
of grandma,
it erased equations of time,
turned her photo album on the fridge
into a catalog of advertisements.

The black radio always played.
The black night never scared me,
but the ink from your soul
faded with your memory
and night spun into mourning.

In my grandmother's house,
I search for her essence
along the walls, but only find
her watercolor *Sky*;
her sense of self-purpose,
her personal legacy to me.

VALERIE'S MIRACLE

By Susan Grimmer

A woman named Valerie had spent the day shopping with her best friend Nina. The day was ending and they were approaching their last store for the evening. This is when Valerie noticed a beautiful doll. She looked at the small nametag attached to the wrist and it read "Susan." Valerie showed the lovely doll to Nina, who encouraged her friend to purchase her. She was not very expensive, but Valerie knew that she would stand perfectly on top of her bureau at home. Nina had five children of her own, which had always made Valerie a little envious. Though she loved her son whom she had adopted sixteen years ago, she had always longed to have a child of her own as well. Doctors had told her that her wish would never become a reality. Valerie took her doll to the register, purchased her, and brought her home.

The events that came next were shocking to Valerie. Little did she know, she was actually pregnant and found this out a week after purchasing her treasured doll. Valerie was extremely shocked and began to panic. She had waited for this moment all of her life, but knew that many complications could happen during this pregnancy because of her age. My mother did not know how she was going to explain this to her husband or my brother who was sixteen at this point. But she was also extremely religious and believed that she had God on her side for this one. My whole family was shocked, but happy at the same time. In June of 1990, at forty-three years of age, my mother had a baby girl. The hospital room was filled with balloons and flowers and everyone was overjoyed for my mother. When I began to walk, my mother gave me her precious doll, and I always appreciate how significant she is to my mother.

HOPEFUL WISHING

By Kelly Martin

Disconnected from one another
through the hatred of our own voices
and the shallow lives we lead,
oh, what a tangled web we weave.

Discontent in our own lives,
searching for clarity,
for strength, for wisdom.
Reach out and hold on.
Untangle that web you've woven.

When it's hopelessness you feel,
when love is lost and gone astray,
I will wrap you in my arms
And take that pain away.
I will untangle that web for you.

Hear my voice, take my hand,
Darling, I will understand.
And I will love you.
Yes, I will save you.

I will tear down that web for you.

WHEN I THINK OF YOU

By Alex "Wheelz" Danahy

My mind is a long dark hallway with only images of you in sight.

I am forced to walk this hallway every day, with no ending in sight. You are right here, but you might as well be miles away.

You are my worst fear and my sweetest dream—
I can only dream what you and I could be,
Our hearts beating as one,
Your warmth against my chest—

One being is what I want to be.
I am a shadow longing for a partner,
Someone to complete me and give me meaning.

I am tired of living a lifeless life.
What's life without meaning?
What's life when you question everything you do?
I am numb inside.

My mind does not register anything but you.
When I am with you nothing else matters.
As your picture fades away

Everything fades to darkness and I am alone again.
I start to miss you when I barely even know you.
You are the light that can shun the darkness manifesting
inside of me.
The darkness will soon be all that's left of me.

I keep my true intentions to myself—
I turtle myself away, hiding in my shell,
I live in my own world, but I am not content.

You are simple to most, but a puzzle to me,
A lock with a lost key,
Your password: a riddle.
The answer lies deep within you.

All I can do is wish for you,
The most I can do is wait for you.
All I want is you.

LOVE POTION

By Joshua Nyer

Characters:

David - Shy scientist

Paul - Playboy scientist

Jane - Attractive scientist

The scene takes place in a typical Biology lab. There are beakers, flasks, clipboards, whiteboards, and aquariums everywhere. Inside the aquariums are all different types of animals: frogs, fish, crickets, etc. Lights go up as David enters. He is the shy type of scientist: introverted, quiet, reserved. He'd rather spend his weekends continuing his work than going out and partying. He checks all the lab equipment, turns on a few computers and electronic devices—the usual morning routine. Glancing around to make sure no one can see, he pulls out a tiny bottle from his pocket and sets it at his desk. He grabs a clipboard, brings the bottle over to one of the aquariums, and is about to start his work when Paul, a cocky playboy scientist, barges in with gusto.

PAUL

Aaaaaannnnnd the final tally score for the weekend is.... *(He walks over to his personal whiteboard, where there's a giant tally score being recorded. There are three categories: Blonde, Brunette, and Redhead. There are numerous tallies under each category.)* Three blondes *(scribbles three marks under Blondes)*, two brunettes *(scribbles two marks under Brunettes)*, and one WILD redhead. *(He makes a big mark under Redhead, then absentmindedly massages his butt, grimacing with pain.)* Hey David, here's a piece of advice... become a magician. You never know when you need to break out of handcuffs at a moment's notice.

DAVID

(At a loss for words) Uh...I'll try to keep that in mind; thanks, Paul... *(Resumes work.)*

PAUL

So tell me, how many babes did you score?

DAVID

Zero...I spent the whole weekend working and researching. I think I made a breakthrough last night....

PAUL

Uh-huh... *(Paul goes to another whiteboard, labeled "David missed out," and makes another mark among many previous marks.)*

DAVID

Look, I don't want to hear another one of your stories where you're running out of room for notches on your belt. I want you to help me test something I brewed over the weekend.

PAUL

Did you finally "brew" up the courage to ask a girl out?

DAVID

(Rolls eyes) No, Paul, there's more to life than just chasing panties you know.... *(Begins emptying his potion into a spray bottle.)*

PAUL

(Paul goes to whiteboard, and makes another mark under "more to life than chasing panties," which has three marks already.) Fine, I'll help you with your silly little project. What do you want me to do?

DAVID

Here, take one of these.... *(He hands Paul the spray bottle.)* Now I want you to spray one of the frogs in tank number three.

PAUL

I'd love to, but the doctors had me neutered for being a trampy dog.

DAVID

(Pause) I'm going to pretend you didn't even say that. Just spray the frog.

PAUL

Sure, sure...so when do you think Ms. Janey Sexypants Hot-Mc-Muffin will show up?

DAVID

Don't call her that.

PAUL

Fine.... But it's too bad we're not geneticists, cuz I'd damn sure love to unzip her genes.

DAVID

(Clearly flustered) Shut up!

PAUL

Usually one needs a cooling fan for such a hot processor.

DAVID

C'mon, cut it out; she could walk in at any minute!

PAUL

(Pause) We'd have fantastic meiosis.

DAVID

Enough! Not one more peep! She could walk in at any minute, and I don't want her day to start off with hearing something corny like "She gives me the primal urge to spawn with her!"

(At that very moment Jane has walked in, and has only heard David's noisily delivered pickup line. David instantly panics and hides his head behind his clipboard. Jane smiles and strides into the lab.)

PAUL

(Sexy tone) Hey, Jane.

JANE

(Cold reply) Hey, Paul.

DAVID

(Meekly from behind his clipboard) H-hey....

JANE

(More brightly) Hi, David. How was your weekend?

DAVID

It was, you know...good.

JANE

I'm glad to hear it. Let me see how our subjects are doing today. *(She wanders off towards one of the aquariums, taking notes on her clipboard. However, on her way she spots Paul's whiteboard and its awkward contents. She squints and marches straight up to Paul. She takes a moment to channel her annoyance.)* I don't even have to guess who is responsible for this. Paul, this is a science lab, not a nightclub. We're here to do research, not gloat about our boyish romps. I want all of that erased and for you to get back to work, you understand?

PAUL

(Stifling a smirk) Yes, Mom.

(Jane struts off. When she reaches one of the far aquariums, she puts on a stethoscope and busies herself with tasks, and thus won't overhear the guys' conversation. Paul grudgingly erases his pride and joy, while David is trying to sneak in admiring glances at Jane. Paul finally finishes erasing his board, and he and David move towards a different aquarium.)

PAUL

She's always so unresponsive to me.... *(Sprays frog in tank.)*

DAVID

Maybe that's because she doesn't like how you spend your weekends?

PAUL

My panties-chasing escapades are not to be scorned. If anything, she should be a participant.

DAVID

At the rate you're going, good luck.

PAUL

Oh, and sheepishly hiding behind the clipboard will win her heart?

DAVID

(Unconvincing) I'm not trying to win her heart.

PAUL

(Hamming it up) Yep. I totally get it. Your strategy is flawless. Why, with your seductive techniques, I could be at home on a silky bed

with all the pretty books in the world. I'm sure science equations make great pillow talk. *(Sees David is ignoring him.)* Fine. Just tell me, what is this stuff I've been spraying onto our critters?

DAVID

(Relieved to change the subject) It's a super hormonal booster. I was experimenting in my chemistry lab at home, and just needed to test it on some animals in here.

PAUL

So, our animals should start getting...kinky soon?

DAVID

Very soon. This stuff is potent; its effects should be very.... Oh. *(David and Paul both stare at one of the frogs, which has almost instantly started chasing another frog.)*

PAUL

(Impressed) That's fast.

DAVID

That's...yeah, that's fast. I wasn't expecting it to take effect THAT quickly.... *(He hastily writes down this observation on his clipboard.)*

PAUL

So what triggers it?

DAVID

(Still writing) Line of sight. Essentially, the first thing it sees after being sprayed.

PAUL

So, you say this thing is kind of like a love potion for animals?

DAVID

Yeah.

PAUL

Is it...choosy in who it effects?

DAVID

It shouldn't be. Why?

PAUL

Just curious. *(He grabs the spray bottle and tip toes towards Jane.)*

DAVID

(Looking up) What are you doing?

PAUL

I'm being scientific. *(He takes the bottle and sprays it right in Jane's face.)*

JANE

Agh! What are you—? *(Faints)*

DAVID

Hey!

PAUL

Nighty-night.

DAVID

Paul, what were you thinking? Who knows what it'll do to humans! Why did you do that?

PAUL

I'm fairly certain that somewhere, deep inside me, an inner voice said... "Paul, go spray Jane."

DAVID

That doesn't justify anything!

PAUL

Sure it does. My inner voice is responsible for the large number of marks on my tally sheet. *(Suddenly pretending to be serious)* Hang on...I think she may have hit her head. Go to the freezer, see if there's an ice pack there.

DAVID

Oh my god! Keep an eye on her. *(David rushes off to the freezer. As he leaves, Paul holds Jane's head so that when her eyes open, she's looking at him. She opens her eyes and instantly becomes enraptured with him. They stand and are about to kiss when David comes rushing back with an ice pack.)* Hey!

PAUL

You snooze, you lose. *(Paul and Jane get caught up in a passionate embrace. David glowers then runs over to his desk. He rushes back with a new spray bottle, but Paul is standing in between him and Jane. David tries maneuvering around him, but Paul matches accordingly so that David can't get a clear shot at Jane. Finally, he gets an opportunity and sprays Jane's face; she faints once again.)* Hey, what the hell was that?

DAVID

That's the antidote I also made last night. It reverses the effects.

JANE

(Regaining consciousness) Mrmmm..... What's going on?

PAUL

You're no fun. *(Gives Jane a spray in the face; she faints again.)* You're getting in the way of my science!

DAVID

Cut it out! Jane's not a science experiment!

PAUL

You're right. "Experiment" is the wrong word. She's my sexperiment!

DAVID

That's even worse!

PAUL

Alright, you win. Here, catch! *(He tosses a spray bottle up in the air, high above David's head. David runs back and catches it, only to see that Paul has once again forced Jane to look at him when she awakens and that the bottle that was just tossed is a fake one.)*

DAVID

Hey, no fair! *(He runs back into the fray and manages to spray Jane in the face with more antidote. Jane faints again. Paul tries to wrestle the antidote out of David's hand, while David tries wrestling the original spray bottle from Paul. At some point, without them noticing, the bottles get switched. Jane awakes again and, being free-minded, tries to separate the guys from fighting.)*

JANE

Hey, stop it guys! Stop! Paul, David, cut it out!

(A random spray, and Jane gets knocked out again. The two continue struggling. She wakes on her own and sees the two fighting.)

JANE

(Swiveling her head back and forth between the two men) Yay! Three-some!

DAVID

Oh, no you don't! *(Sprays Jane in the face, but rather than fainting she stands there, blinking. Paul and David don't notice that she's still standing. She runs to David, clutching the front of his lab coat.)*

JANE

David, take me, take me now!

DAVID

(Taken aback) What?!

PAUL

Shit, we must've switched bottles! *(He sprays Jane in the face; she once again falls to the ground.)* If there's anyone that's getting Jane, it's going to be me, pal!

DAVID

Oh, yeah? Take this! *(And he triumphantly sprays Paul in the face. Paul looks shocked, then slumps down to the ground. David pauses a long while to catch his breath, then he walks over to Paul's body, takes all the bottles, and dumps their contents down a sink. Jane stirs, and David rushes over to help her.)*

JANE

Ohhhh....my head....

DAVID

Are you alright?

JANE

I feel really lightheaded.... I can't remember anything either....

You took a rather nasty fall. Should I call an ambulance?

No, I think I just need to lie down at home....

Well, I don't want you to go alone the way you're feeling. Can I drive you there?

Sure you can! That'd be nice, David. (*Weak smile*)

Okay, on three.... One...two...three, upsy-daisy! (*Hoists Jane up on her feet.*)

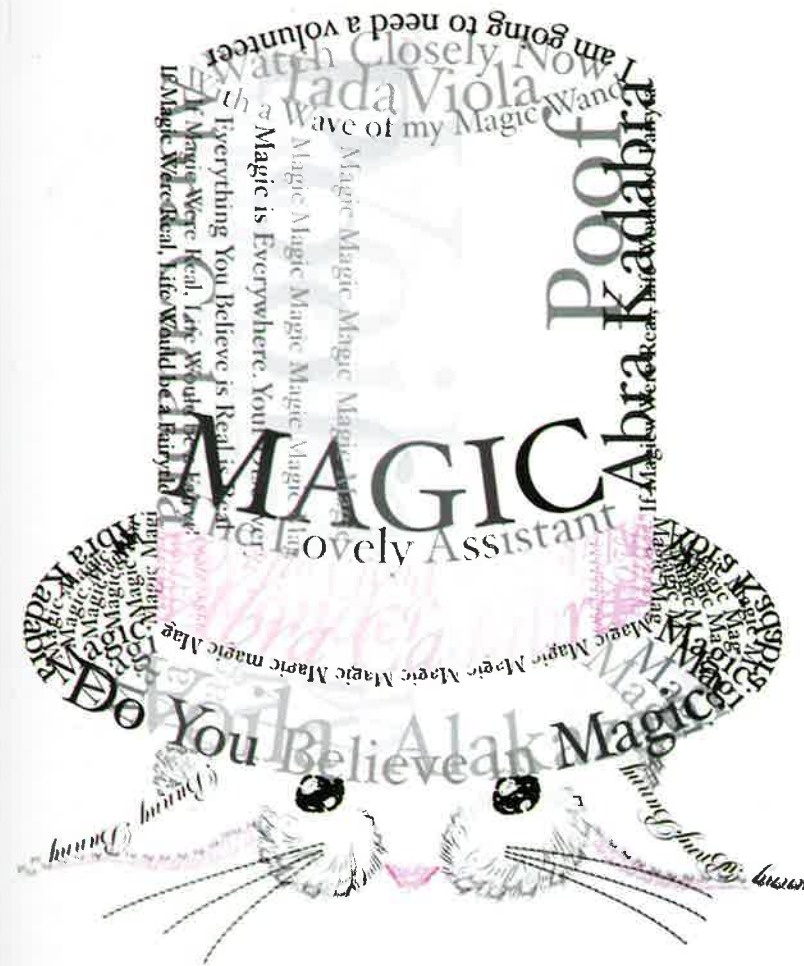
Whoa, the room's spinning....

It's alright, I got you.... Here we go....

PAUL

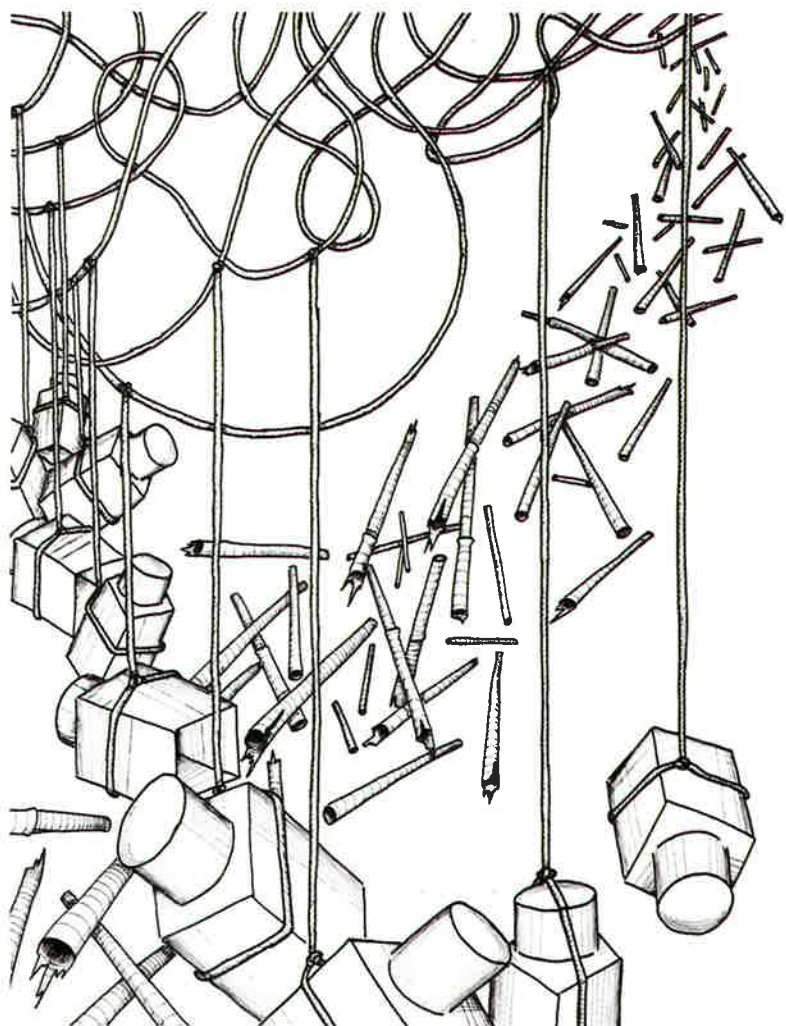
Do you come here often?

END



From Under the Hat
Candace Cobuzzi

digital print
10.5" x 13.5"



Texture Lines
Candace Cobuzzi

marker drawing
18" x 23.5"



Faces of the City
Michael Coleman

mixed media: digital
print with hand coloring
29.5" x 41.5"



Symbolism
Kristen Gauthier
digital print
13" x 11"

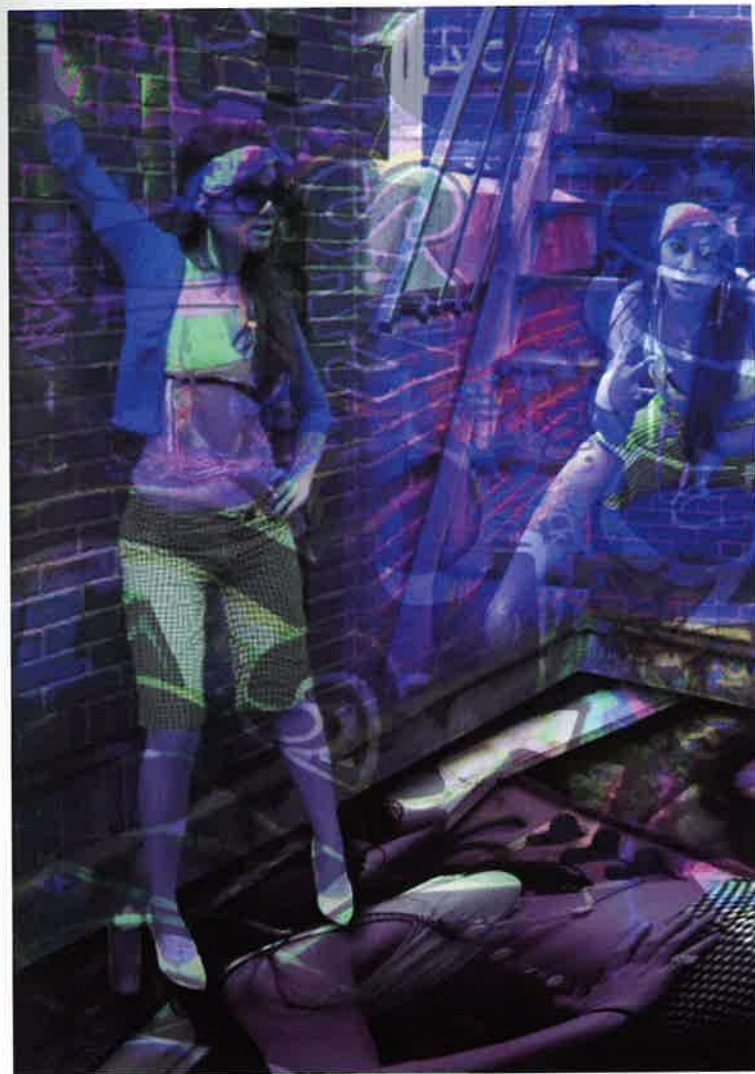


District 9
Christopher B. McCarthy
black and white
photography
8" x 5.5"



Adam's Apple
Mackenzie Nachtrieb

mixed media: digital print
with hand coloring
13.5" x 19.5"

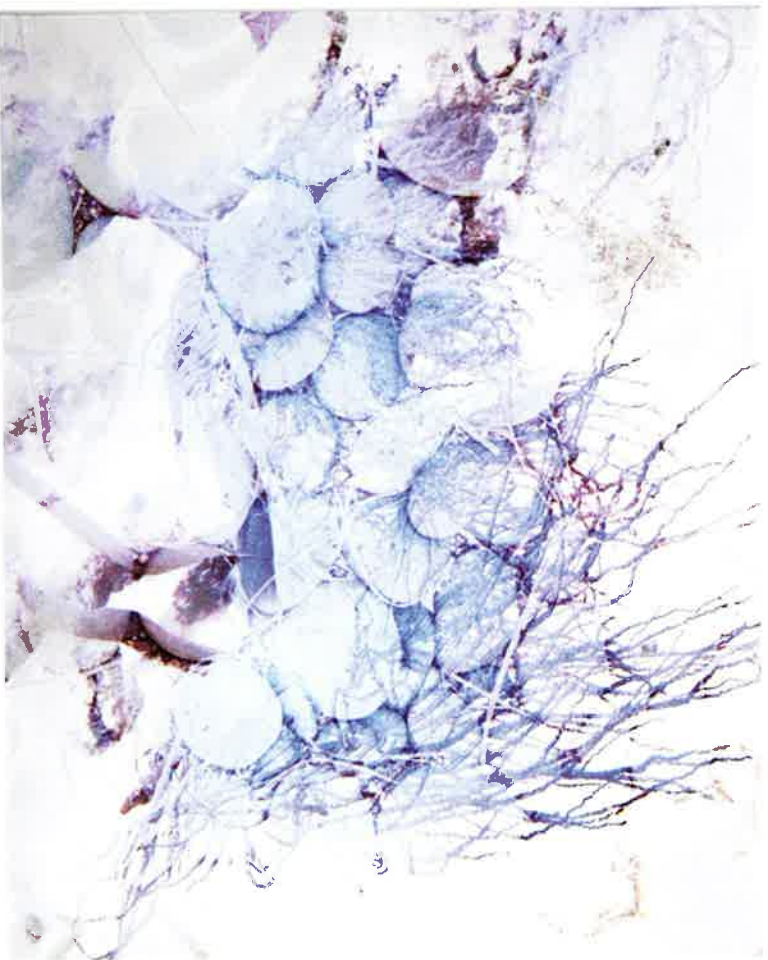


Chouinard
Mackenzie Nachtrieb

mixed media: digital print
with hand coloring
11" x 15"



City of Webs
Christopher Swan
 spray paint and
 paint markers
 on paper
 40" x 26"



Rocks
Laura Pouliot
 digital print
 19.5" x 15.5"



Untitled
Amtul Saeed
 additive monotype
 7.5" x 19.5"



Untitled
Amtul Saeed
 monotype
 7.5" x 19.5"



Fall
Jake Silins

monotype
6.5" x 9"



Rebirth
Jake Silins

monotype
6.5" x 8"



Texture
Launa Wilder
marker drawing



Homage to Michelangelo's *Dawn*
Mary Andrews, Erica Beverly, Tim Bradley, Candace Cobuzzi,
Julia Evans, Christopher B. McCarthy, Abby Michaud,
Serena Michaud, Yasmeeen Rifai, Jaques Wiese

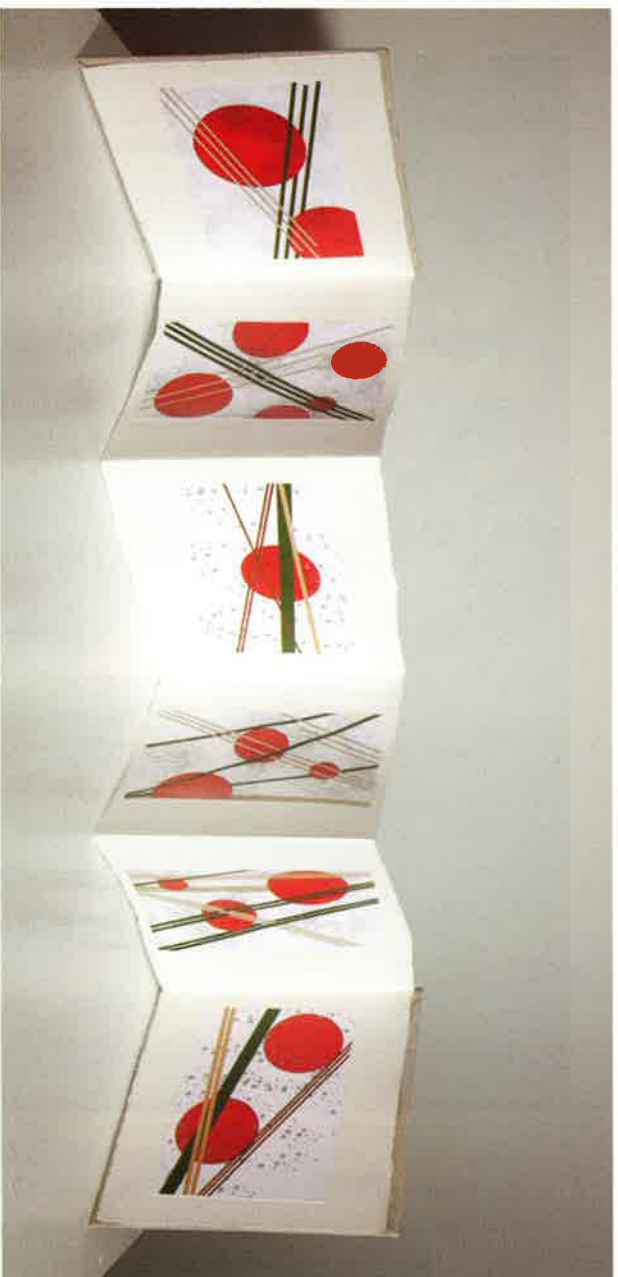
conte crayon on paper
60" x 84.5"



Sculpture with Poetry

Richard Guerra

ceramic
11" x 8"



Overlapping Lines with Color

Laura Goody

accordion book
26" x 7"

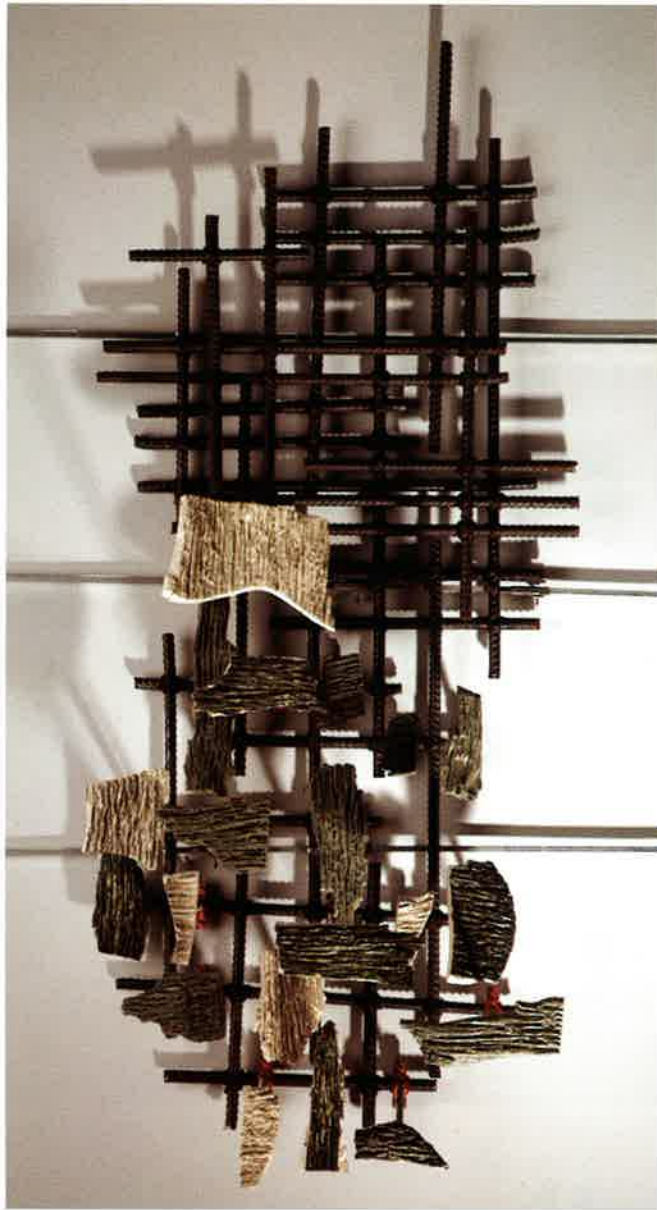


Dimaryp
Patrick Williamson

ceramic
9" x 6.5"



Collide
Ashley K. Miller
ceramic
8" x 6.5"



Balance
Greg Nasca
 ceramic
 and rebar
 48" x 20"

THE THRILL OF IT

By Jesse Fenton

I move fast like the strike of lighting.
 Through the meadows I fly, the grass grazing my bare legs.

My movement is swift through the changing terrain,
 feet pounding hard rigid soil

and cutting down tall prickly bushes in my way.
 In front of me a steep hill to test my endurance.

Adrenaline kicks in, can't stop now
 as raindrops hit my body like needles.

I dig my feet into the stone surface and start to climb.
 With rapid breaths I reach the top,

open my eyes and gaze
 into the distance. A sunset over the mountains.

Victory!

DISTORTION

By Michelle Harber

You're slurring your words. Do you even realize all that you are doing? I'm watching you stumble your way into this room. I can see that your eyes are bloodshot: a direct result from lack of sleep. Maybe you'll get lucky and pass out half way. Perhaps you'll drop to the floor in a limp pile. Now, isn't that a calming thought? Well, maybe it isn't as pleasant as it seems. Maybe you do not find this as amusing as I do.

Do you feel as though I'm mocking you?

That is exactly what I am doing.

You're a pathetic excuse for a human. You have been gifted with a life that many people are denied. You do not suffer from an illness that disables you and leaves you a helpless mess. You do not see death around you every day. You do not live in poverty nor do you suffer from a lack of food. You are fortunate, and yet here you are destroying yourself. You drink away the life that has been given so willingly to you. You're slowly killing yourself.

I have no sympathy for you.

As I watch you attempt to regain your balance, this room is becoming distorted, shifting, changing, morphing everything that I had previously been looking at, until I am no longer in the room with you.

I am standing outside on the damp earth of a cloudy day. The rain comes down in still drops. They enhance the mellow mood of this brief image that moves rapidly in front of my eyes.

There are figures draped in black cloth. All symbols of life are hidden from this scene.

Standing as an obvious stranger to these people, they pay no attention to me. As I walk slowly over to them, it is as if they

refuse to acknowledge that I am there with them. They do not even glance briefly in my direction.

I am invisible as I pass by them.

I stop next to a young girl. She seems familiar, yet I cannot place a name with that face. Her eyes are dead. They decorate a face that looks broken in every sense of the word. I am tempted to ask for an explanation behind the expression that is plastered on this girl's face, but something inside of me tells me that I will not receive the answer that I am looking for.

I hear a screeching sound coming from somewhere above. I glance in the direction of the noise and find a solid black crow sitting on a drooping branch. He watches me, his head tilted slightly to the side as if he does not understand what he is witnessing. His eyes house a flame that burns violently within his skull. I stare at this creature, and as I do, I feel something invisible pulling me towards him. The pull is so strong, so real, but I blink my eyes to refocus my attention and the crow is no longer there, when I haven't moved, even the slightest bit.

My head shifts from side to side scanning the surrounding area. I look for the creature, but he is nowhere to be seen. Perhaps it was just my imagination. I decide that that is a good explanation as to what had just happened, and so I push the event aside.

The sky has now opened itself completely and the rain pours down. No one moves. It does not even faze them. The sky is drenching them and they do no more than blink the drops away.

I notice the umbrellas that they hold limply in their hands. Slowly, they open them and raise them above their heads. Every member of that small group is now protected from the weather's onslaught. Everyone, with the exception of that young girl.

She stands with her hands clasped tightly by a man. He attempts to shield her head with his own umbrella, but she pulls away and drops to her knees. Her pale hair sticks to her face. Her

bangs cover her eyes. Her tiny fingers grasp her black dress tightly, causing it to wrinkle beneath her grip. She begins to tremble. Her shaking could be caused by the cold wind swirling all around her. Or maybe her eyes are mimicking the sky. I cannot tell. The weather makes it impossible to distinguish between rain and tears.

The group begins to disperse. They walk slowly away from the spot they had been standing solidly in for so long. I look at the man as he looks down at the girl.

She tells him in a quiet voice that she will be along shortly, and with that, he turns his back on her and walks morbidly away.

My eyes return to the girl. She stays in that one spot and desperately stares at the ground. Without knowing exactly what it is that I am doing, I move my hand slowly towards her shoulder. I feel as though I have to comfort her. But when my hand finally comes in contact with her, she vanishes and the world around me begins to shift again.

I am back in that room standing in front of a loosely hung mirror. My head feels compressed. The room feels as though it is spinning. My eyes focus on the stranger that stands before me. There is nothing familiar about that reflection other than the blood-shot eyes that have witnessed my damnation.

LOSING YOU

By Emma Lown

Whole worlds could drown under all her tears.
No such thing as peaceful nights remain.
I can barely whisper her greatest fear.

There aren't enough chances to hold you near,
her child who disappears all the same.
Whole worlds could drown under all her tears.

I saw pictures of you, your feelings unclear,
your eyes vacant with nothing to gain.
I can barely whisper her greatest fear.

You swore you'd hold fast the peace you'd found here,
never go back to a life with no aim.
Whole worlds could drown under all her tears.

The five o'clock news caught her running there;
she can't find her child, all is insane.
I can barely whisper her greatest fear.

Family shattered without you near,
your mother's sobbing knows no shame.
Whole worlds drown under all her tears.
I can only witness her greatest fear.

THE COMING STORM

By Justin Wheeler

The Azuma Monogatari is a novel in progress that tells the story of Azuma Kagemaru, a samurai struggling to serve the Ii clan with loyalty and absolute dedication. It has been two years since Kagemaru fought in the great battle of Sekigahara. Although he and his lord Naomasa survived that conflict, the injuries Naomasa sustained led to his demise. Now the Ii clan is divided on the issue of who will succeed Naomasa. Kagemaru wishes to honor his late lord's request of having his second son, Naotaka, succeed him, while Atsuji Hisahide, a powerful clan elder, wants the lord's eldest son, Naotsugu, to succeed him. Kagemaru must now challenge the forceful Atsuji if he is to stay loyal to the will of his lord.

1602 May 1st Day

Over the reconstructed castle town of Hikone in Omi province, black clouds menaced the sky. The first drops of a summer storm fell outside while inside the castle walls a storm that could rip apart the Ii clan was raging. It had been forty-nine days since the passing of their lord Naomasa, and all of the energy that had been bottled up during the mourning period was now unleashed. Inside a large audience chamber the retainers of the Ii argued back and forth. Kagemaru watched from the back of the room with the other younger retainers. He noted that Yasumasa as usual was absent from the meetings.

"No, it should be master Naotsugu who succeeds the clan headship!" one retainer shouted above the others.

Another countered, "His lordship desired that Naotaka succeed him, and we should honor his wishes." The samurai were divided on which son would become head of the clan.

"Although they are the same age, master Naotsugu's mother is the lord's official wife, and the daughter of an influential clan!" one grey haired samurai argued in favor of Naotsugu.

The samurai who argued in favor of Naotaka now became silent, trying to think of an objection to this argument. Finally

Kagemaru, who was still regarded as a newcomer to the clan, said, "While that is a fact, the lord wanted master Naotaka to succeed him, because he has so much more potential than his brother."

Both groups of samurai regarded Kagemaru in surprise and offense that he had spoken so bluntly.

"Kagemaru!" a stern samurai named Atsuji Hisahide called out. Hisahide was a large man with a muscular frame. He had a scar on his right eye and bushy black eye brows. "Kagemaru, do you dare imply that master Naotsugu is inferior to master Naotaka?"

Hisahide stared hard at Kagemaru, waiting for him to fold under his menacing gaze. However, Kagemaru stood up from his position in the back of the room and boldly marched to the front and knelt right in front of Hisahide without bowing first.

"Before our lord passed away, he wrote in his will that master Naotaka would succeed him, while master Naotsugu would create a branch family of the Ii." Kagemaru spoke firmly with his back straight and no fear in his eyes.

Hisahide held Kagemaru's gaze. It was no secret the two hated one another. "While that may be true, the agreement has been lost, and therefore we should elect master Naotsugu, who is of a fine bloodline, and not Naotaka who is the son of a..."

"Refrain yourself!" Kagemaru barked out, gripping his sword. The air in the room had become fraught with tension as Kagemaru and Hisahide stared each other down. Kagemaru hated the scheming ways of Hisahide, while Hisahide hated the fact that Naomasa had favored Kagemaru so much in life.

"How dare you speak this way to me?" Hisahide roared leaping to his feet.

"Elder Atsuji, please calm yourself," Elder Endo chided. Atsuji sat with a murderous expression on his face. Endo then addressed Kagemaru in the same commanding tone, "Kagemaru, as a newcomer, you should show the elders the same respect due to the lord. Now return to your place!"

Kagemaru, however, did not move an inch, and said, "Although I am a newcomer, my family served the Ii since the time of Ii Naohira, our lord's great-grandfather." Kagemaru's family had faithfully served the Ii until Naohira was killed in a battle. The clan was thought to become extinct with the murder of his known sons. "I will continue my family's tradition of loyal service by supporting master Naotaka, the son our lord wanted to succeed him!"

The assembly of samurai burst into muttered conversations as the retainers were again divided. Endo, who was an old, experienced samurai with thick white bushy eyebrows, let out a frustrated sigh as Kagemaru and Atsuji shouted at one another. Endo knew that Kagemaru spoke the truth and was acting out of loyalty to the lord, who had given him so much, but for him to make an enemy out of Atsuji and divide the clan like this was pure foolishness.

Finally, after an hour of listening to the arguing of his colleagues, Endo raised his hand over the assembly to gain the attention of the others.

"Gentlemen, it is getting late, and with the storm that is brewing outside, it would be best if we all return to our lodgings and decide upon this weighty matter another day." With his authority as Senior Elder, Endo adjourned the meeting of retainers. Many of the men were relieved that Endo had diffused such an explosive situation, but Atsuji was still fuming at Kagemaru's impudence.

After all the retainers had made their farewells, they hurried down the unfinished castle corridors. As Kagemaru walked away from the chamber, Endo waylaid him in the hallway. Kagemaru suppressed a groan of annoyance as he bowed to Endo and fell into step behind him. Kagemaru respected and admired Endo who had become like a mentor to him since he joined the clan, but the argument tonight had exhausted him, and from the look in Endo's wise eyes, he could tell that the old man was going to reprimand him for his conduct tonight.

However, Endo began by saying in an offhand manner, "You spoke well tonight." As thunder rumbled in the distance, a look of confusion spread across Kagemaru's face. Endo, seeing his confusion, went on saying, "You spoke the truth, but you should have done so more tactfully."

"Elder Atsuji is Naotsugu's guardian; the only reason he supports him now is so when Master Naotsugu reaches adulthood, he will probably name Atsuji his chief advisor." Kagemaru spoke in disgust at Atsuji's scheme. "The man has forgotten our lord's many favors and is only out for himself."

Endo winced at Kagemaru's words as he said, "Kagemaru, have a care." Endo looked around the corridor as they continued walking. The only other sounds were their footsteps and rain falling on the eaves of the castle. "Kagemaru, this is a time of great change in our nation."

"Right now, my only concern is to ensure that Master Naotaka is named head of the clan," Kagemaru declared with passion in his voice. "My family once failed the Ii. However, lord Naomasa was kind enough to let me, a masterless samurai, join his ranks. I will leave national politics to lord Tokugawa."

Endo listened without commenting; although Kagemaru was a reckless fool, he was at least a loyal one. Finally, as they neared the end of the hallway, Endo turned around and looked Kagemaru straight in the eye and said, "Although you act from great loyalty, your confrontational attitude and lack of respect for the senior members of the clan can lead the Ii to destruction yet again!"

Kagemaru was about to speak but Endo cut him off, saying, "See! Look at you! I knew your father and he was nothing like you! He was just a lad of fourteen, but he distinguished himself while knowing his place! But you, who have only fought in one battle, act as if you alone are the voice of the clan!"

"Forgive me for saying this, but if we let Atsuji have his way, we might as well pledge service to the Atsuji clan, because master Naotsugu will just be a puppet lord!" Kagemaru exclaimed paying no heed to who might be listening. "I want the Ii clan to prosper for a hundred thousand generations, and be the cornerstone of the nation the Tokugawa are rebuilding!"

Exasperated, Endo finally said, "Listen to yourself! You speak of wanting prosperity for the clan, but you openly cause conflict!" Endo watched Kagemaru bristle at his words, but he continued, saying, "I have lived far longer than you have! I have seen clans destroyed by retainers like Elder Atsuji, but I have also seen them destroyed by men like you! The Western forces may have been put to rout at Sekigahara, but many of the defeated clans are still seething, watching for any weakness in the Tokugawa to seek revenge! At a time like this, we should be united as a clan, watching over our young masters, and preparing for the true final battle that lies ahead of us!"

Kagemaru bowed his head as thunder boomed outside and lightning lit up the hall. "Forgive me, for my presumption" was all Kagemaru could say.

Endo, however, could see through Kagemaru's ploy. He knew that the young man would still continue to anger Atsuji, and he knew that Kagemaru would still divide the clan on the issue of choosing a successor. However, exhausted from today's events, Endo dismissed Kagemaru, watching as he exited through the sliding door at the end of the hall.

After Kagemaru had disappeared, Endo strolled down the corridors until he came to his room inside the castle. The room was an office furnished with a vase, a small writing desk, and a hanging scroll with the image of dragonfly. Scattered around his desk were scrolls and papers that held reports of troop numbers, clan finances, and food stores, as well as the genealogies of clan members. Endo

knelt by his desk, taking up a writing brush. Since his lord Naomasa died, the burden of all of the clan's mundane duties fell onto his shoulders. The other retainers were too busy trying to buy one another over to support their candidate for heir of the clan. As Endo began a report on the state of the clan to send to Ieyasu, he said in barely a whisper, "Chidori, are you nearby?"

"Yes, Elder Endo," answered a woman's voice from the other side of the wall.

Endo listened to the sound of rain pounding down on the castle before he continued. "During my conversation with Kagemaru, was there anyone else who might have heard us?" Spies and informants ran rampant in the castle and their reports fueled rumors that could lead to a duel to the death.

"No, only another one of your spies and I heard, my lord," Chidori answered promptly putting Endo's fears to rest.

"Excellent," Endo sighed as he lay down his brush. However, he was still fearful of the repercussions of Kagemaru's actions at the meeting. "The boy is brave, but he's also a complete idiot when it comes to politics!"

Chidori remained silent as Endo continued. "Lord Naomasa brought this clan to prominence in one generation, and we, his loyal vassals, could destroy it in an instant with our bickering!" Endo's mind flashed back across time to the battle that had killed his lord Naohira. A rainstorm that had covered the land in a curtain of water had blinded Endo and his lord that day. They never saw the attack coming, and by the time Endo and some of the other surviving retainers found Naohira, his head was already gone.

Endo shuddered as he heard the boom of thunder and thought back to the years of hardship that he had endured until he met Naomasa, the grandson of Naohira. Endo, since that day over twenty years ago, had devoted himself to ensuring that the Ii clan would never disappear from this earth again.

"Chidori, watch Elder Atsuji's actions very closely and report to me all of his dealings," Endo spoke in a whisper. "Our country is on the dawn of a new era, and we cannot afford for Atsuji, or Kagamaru, to threaten the Ii clan and destroy one of the cornerstones of the Tokugawa house."

"Yes, my lord," Chidori answered calmly.

Although Chidori had served him well since she had taken her father's place, Endo was unsure of whether she knew what was at stake. "Chidori, although Kagamaru is a low ranking member, I want you to keep him distracted from this business of succession, until I and the other elders come to an accord. I do not care what methods you use. Just keep him from making more enemies. It would be a shame to lose a man of such dedication in a duel!"

Taking her master's words to heart, Chidori assured him that she would not fail him and silently crept away. Endo, knowing that he could depend on her, finally breathed easily for the first time that day. Listening to the storm grow fiercer outside, Endo prayed that he could preserve the unity of the clan.



ALIEN INVADERS

By Daniel Brady Roach

"By the eight moons! Would you look at that?" shrieked Gildiam, my best friend since we were hatchlings.

"Look at what? Honestly Gildiam, just throw the blarg ball and... HOLY GARSNAK!" I exclaimed as I beheld what appeared to be a space craft coming in for a landing right in the middle of the street, jets of red and yellow flame trailing behind it.

"Vekka! Watch your language, that's no way for a young female to speak!" scolded my mother as she joined me and Gildiam in the front yard with a tray of food and drinks.

"But Mother! Look up in the sky, it's a UFO!" I explained, pointing the index finger of each of my four hands in the direction of the alien vessel.

"UFO? Young lady, don't you give me that nonsense. You know perfectly well that aliens simply do not exi.... HOLY GARSNAK!" my mother cried out as she finally caught sight of the UFO and dropped her tray to the patio; a real pity seeing as it carried freshly baked pufglubs and nice cool glasses of koolah.

"Now who's the one using bad language?" I sneered, sticking out my forked blue tongue with naughty glee.

"Not now, young lady! You and Gildiam get in the house right now where it's safe! Zaryn! Zaryn! Honey, please come quick!" my mother shouted as she turned back to the house to call for my father.

"But Mom, I'm not a hatchling! Gildiam and I can take care of ourselves! I want to see the alien!" I protested, stomping my clawed feet angrily as my normally violet colored skin changed to the angry dark green all Uudega adopt when our tempers flare.

"Maybe we should just go inside to be safe, Vekka..."

Gildiam quivered; his skin slowly changed to the pallid white hue our people take on when frightened.

"Pft, hatchling..." I grumbled under my breath, shaking my head at Gildiam's cowardice as my mother scolded me one last time. "Vekka, this is no time for arguing! Grab Gildiam and get inside now; your father and I will handle this! Zaryn, where are you? Come outside and bring your ray gun!"

As my mother disappeared into the house to find my father, I turned my attention back to the alien craft as it began its descent, using the empty street as a runway for its landing. The ship was very different from the ones used by my people to colonize the eight moons surrounding our humble planet of Uudega, which we named our race after. Our ships are disc-like in shape and brightly colored to represent what nation they were built by. This alien vessel was a very boring black and white and was long with a cone-like nose and wings on the side. However, it was still an alien vessel and that in itself made up for its bad paint job as far as I was concerned. I watched in silent awe as the ship sprouted wheels from hidden compartments in its underside, wheels which screeched loudly as the ship touched land at last and sped down the street a few houses down before finally coming to a stop.

The flames it had been sprouting before scorched the street behind it and ultimately dissipated once the craft stopped moving. Once the smoke cleared, it became apparent that the flames had been gushing forth from a series of humongous flight engines in the back of the alien ship. I was in shock. For an alien vessel, it certainly was not very advanced if it still used jet propulsion to fly, unlike Uudega space craft that rely on anti-gravity engines for movement.

I twisted a strand of my long white hair as I observed the alien vessel, hoping to catch a glimpse of whoever or whatever was inside. Sadly, the ship's occupants did not immediately teleport outside or even walk down an overly elaborate platform like they did

on holovision. I looked back to my home, where my mom's voice could still be heard issuing out from within as she tried to convince my father that the Uudega had been invaded by hostile alien forces.

"...I'm going in!" I declared as I left the safety of my crystalline lawn, neighbors already gathering outside to check out the strange sight (though none having the guts to rush toward it as I did). My angry green skin suddenly changed to an adventurous bright blue.

"No! Vekka wait! Your mom told us to go inside—let your dad handle this with his ray gun! Or the enforcers! Heck, let Super Uudega take care of this!" pleaded Gildiam, his skin changing to a worried grayish hue as he raced after me.

"Oh please, Super Uudega only exists in holobooks, and besides, I'm an adult, I can take care of myself," I insisted.

As I ran onward to the site of the alien ship's landing, a big goofy grin appeared on my face as my three hearts pounded in my chest from all the excitement.

"An adult? You're only twelve solar cycles old! I'm a solar cycle older than you!" he argued, his four arms flailing up in frustration as he began to turn green with anger.

"... Big deal! One solar cycle isn't that big of a difference, and by the time Mom and Dad get out here, or the enforcers show up, the aliens may have already begun the invasion! We gotta act fast or we'll never stop them! I bet they're still sleeping in their cocoons, like on holovision; if we get them now while they're vulnerable, we can take them out!"

"Take them out with what? You got a ray gun on you or did you suddenly become a space trooper?" Gildiam yelled, scratching his head in frustration.

"Oh Gildiam, stop being such a hatchling and shut up! I'll think of something..." I began to say before finally realizing that we were already at the foot of the alien ship, which to me suddenly

ONE DAY

By Rachel Green

Today

Today I want

Today is not just any other day

Tomorrow is tomorrow

Tomorrow I might not be so brave

Today I want to sing

I went to the mall

Today I bought nail polish

I bought a raspberry banana smoothie

Today I sang my heart out

I felt free

Today I did for me

I wanted what I bought to forget the things I thought

Today was a good day

Tomorrow I will do for others what I did for me

Tomorrow is another day

Today is a double vanilla red velvet cupcake

Today is mine

Today

FAREWELL TO ACADEMIA

By Erin Waters

My work is done and I walk the line

Worked for years to attain this goal

Through storms of papery winds

My work is done and I walk the line

After trudging through mountains of books

I am ready to take the next step

After being so tired I am ready to wake

My work is done and I walk the line

Money spent for a worthy cause

Worked summers past to keep afloat

Education is important in order to advance

My work is done and I walk the line

I walk the line for all that has happened

For every sacrifice that has been made

For every decision that has lead me to this point

My work is done and I walk the line

DEERE

By Lauren Nichols

Do you know I thought of you at exactly 7 p.m. on May 25th 2009?

I thought I saw you driving, and I realized I had not seen you in a year.

I thought of calling you, but I had been driving for hours. I wanted to get home...
you wouldn't have answered anyway....

Do you know on May 26th 2009 I woke up to the worst text message I've ever received.

It was so short and to the point: "Jon Buroff died." That was all it said.

What a way to wake up, what a way to find out that I'm going to be missing you for a while.

Do you know that on May 30th 2009, I curled my hair and put on a dress just for you?

I wanted you to remember me as James' pretty sister who was almost your prom date.

I wanted you to remember those nights you would text me by the bonfire.

Nobody knew but us, you were the only one who didn't think of me as James' baby sister.

I never thanked you for that....

Were you there on December 27th 2009, when I visited you at Duck River?

Your sister and I got a coffee and cried together.

We laughed about the time you got in trouble for stripping in the cafeteria

and the time you broke James' knee. He still has a scar....

I know this sounds crazy, but...

I saw you at the fireworks on July 4th 2009.

You just smiled and waved.

I blinked in disbelief and you vanished.

My mom said it was just probably someone who looked like you.

I figured no one else would believe me either,
so it will just be another secret left between the two of us.

I hope that in your heaven there are mountains to bike and boats to sail,
cars to fix, and snow to board, beer to drink and Blazers to drive.

I hope you know how much we all miss you and how different town is without you.

Till we meet again,
Lauren

SISTERS

By Christine Mione

In, out, in out
Silence

No loud voices in my ears
Just one voice
Mom's

Our home "the hotel"
has three vacancies
once again

Loneliness fills the house
What will she do
when it's my time?

The holidays can't come
soon enough

I dream of footsteps,
gossip, hugs,
doing a lot of nothing,
laughing
A crowd!

Four sisters reunited again
The countdown begins!

LETTER ADDRESSED TO ME

By James Reilly

Thirteen years now, I don't know what I need from you
This piece of paper travels through my mind often
My hands tremble when I hold it—they are nervous

More than just scribbled lines are what I hope to see
Black ink is what bled from your fingers at the time
And a tear of the unknown rolls down my face as I gaze

Your written words tell me who you are
Your written words tell me why I'm not legally yours
Your written words are more than just written words to me

Even with these feelings, my mind wanders for more
Do you remember me? Do you dream of me? Do you miss
me?

Who am I to you?
These are some things I wish I knew

Someday I will

Till then, your written words tell me who you are
Your written words tell me why I'm not legally yours
Your written words are more than just written words to me
And I love you for them in this letter address to me

- To the mother I've never had the privilege to meet

WISDOM MANTRA

By Brittany Capozzi

Scars of the past
sketched under my heels,
I walk on,
reintroduce my mind
to my body,
nourish my soul
with wisdom
one grain at a time.
I am my own nutritionist.

Traffic of burdens
crossing my shoulders
flicked back onto their road map—
it's not my street they navigate!
I walk away,
reintroduce my mind
to my body,
nourish my soul
with organic wisdom
one grain at a time.
I am a new kind of nutritionist.

Icicles of fear
melted from my eyes
now weep into a pot of heroism.
I march forward,
reintroduce my mind
to my body,
nourish my soul
with cultivated wisdom
one grain at a time.
I am the learned nutritionist.

My mind a beach,
waves of wisdom
wash and dry,
soak and evoke
life lessons.
I am the skilled nutritionist.

CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

MARY ANDREWS

Mary Andrews graduated in May 2010 with a Bachelor's degree in Psychology. She grew up in upstate New York and is currently living in the North End of Boston and working as a hostess at Tia's on the waterfront. Her hobbies include tennis, art, camping, cooking, and dancing. She plans to work in public relations in the future.

ERICA BEVERLY

Erica Beverly is a sophomore at Curry. She is a member of the Art Club, Video Game Society, and Alternative Realities. She plans to pursue a career in brand identity design and logo design. In her spare time, she likes to sketch periodically as a way to unwind and relax. Erica also enjoys taking art classes at the local museum.

TIM BRADLEY

"There he goes. One of God's own prototypes. A high powered mutant of some kind never even considered for mass production. Too weird to live, and too rare to die." - *Hunter S. Thompson*. Our boy here loves to act, write, draw, and day-dream. There's little this senior at Curry College can't do when he puts his mind to it. His art is about expression, getting what's inside, out, in any and all means. He wishes to thank Jen, from Louisiana.

BRITTANY CAPOZZI

Brittany Capozzi wrapped up her senior year at Curry and is hoping to unwrap opportunities in the writing field. Authors who have inspired her are: the crafty Billy Collins, the astute Annie Dillard, and the puzzling Sylvia Plath. This struggling artist must keep the faucet of imagination running and water the plants of insecurity with dreams.

CANDACE COBUZZI

Candace Cobuzzi is a Graphic Design major from Waltham, Massachusetts. She is also double minoring in Applied Computing and Studio Art. She wants to create art with varying degrees of style while adapting to whatever inspires her next.

MICHAEL COLEMAN

Born and raised in Cambridge, Massachusetts, Michael Coleman is majoring in Graphic Design, while also minoring in Studio Art. His influences are all types of urban artwork ranging from tattoo art to graffiti work. As an artist, he has been doing street-like artwork all his life, and will be an up-and-coming tattoo artist, apprenticing at a local parlor in his hometown.

ALEX "WHEELZ" DANAHY

Alex Danahy is a sophomore at Curry College. He can be seen rolling around campus in his wheelchair. He is studying to become a sports broadcaster and is currently a sports coordinator for the radio at Curry. He lives for the Red Sox!

JULIA EVANS

Julia Evans is a Junior at Curry College.

JESSE FENTON

Jesse Fenton is a Curry senior who plays on the varsity lacrosse team and is a big sports fan. Other interests and passions include the arts, such as music, film, and writing. He has a very strong family unit that is responsible for and supports all his successes.

KRISTEN GAUTHIER

Kristen Gauthier is a recently graduated Graphic Design major. She is intrigued by the human figure and enjoys working with mixed mediums.

LAURA GOODY

Laura Goody recently graduated from Curry College with a degree in Graphic Design. She specializes in mixed media and the art of photo montage. Currently, she is working with combining shapes and lines.

RACHEL GREEN

Rachel Green graduated in May 2010. She will be pursuing a career within her major of Communication. She hopes her job will entail team work and a chance to write every day. She wrote this poem after a lovely day that was a perfect escape from the demanding last semester of college.

SUSAN GRIMMO

Susan Grimmo is a sophomore at Curry and is majoring in Psychology. She enjoys spending time reading, writing, and traveling. She hopes to one day be a School Psychologist and would love to positively impact the lives of children. Susan would like to thank her parents for always being encouraging and supportive.

RICHARD GUERRA

Richard Guerra is a junior at Curry majoring in English. He's currently working on a novel and it's supposed to be pretty good. He's also very successful and talented at poetry. He's also very kind-hearted and never has an unpleasant thought towards his fellow man and respects nature and all living creatures in

God's Kingdom. He's also quite good-looking and academically competent and well-respected by his peers. Also he won an award for his poetry in 2009. But really, he's just kind of a laid-back, low-key, low-maintenance, simple kind of man.

MICHELLE HARBER

Michelle Harber enjoys drawing and writing. She worked as a *Curry Arts Journal* editor during the 2009-2010 academic year.

JENNIFER JONES

Jennifer Jones graduated in May 2009 with a major in Psychology.

EMMA LOWN

Emma Lown graduated in May 2010 with a Psychology and English double-major. She interned with Robert Pinsky's Favorite Poems project at Boston University during the summer of 2009.

KELLY MARTIN

Kelly Martin is a junior at Curry majoring in English. This is her second year being an editor for the *Curry Arts Journal*. She also contributes to *The Currier Times* and is in her third year of the Honors Scholars program. Her dream is to work on or create her own television show, and she aspires to be a novelist. All of life's different facets inspire Kelly, whether they are good or bad, happy or sad, positive or negative. She feels it's important for everyone to follow their dreams and to never give up when life gets tough, hence her two poems! She would like to take this time to thank her parents, who have always believed in her and pushed her to follow her dreams, as well as her grandfather, Boppy, whose presence in her life brings her immense joy and continues to make her a better person.

CHRISTOPHER B. MCCARTHY

Christopher B. McCarthy is a junior who makes the daily trek to Curry College from his hometown of Saugus, Massachusetts. His photo, *District 9*, was taken behind the Oak Grove train station in Medford, Massachusetts. He feels that towns such as Medford, Cambridge, and Somerville, as well as the areas in and around Boston, hold great potential for excellent photos. He doesn't want Curry students to limit themselves to just the general area when looking for inspiration.

ABBY MICHAUD

Abby Michaud is a Graphic Design student from Arlington, MA. She is in her junior year. She is also this year's cover design artist!

SERENA MICHAUD

Serena Michaud is a former Curry College student.

ASHLEY K. MILLER

Ashley K. Miller graduated in May 2010 with a major in Nursing and a minor in Biology. She was a member of the Curry College Student Nurses Association (CCSNA) and the Sigma Theta Tau-Theta At Large Chapter, and also was an honors student during her time at Curry. Her inspiration and themes for most of her ceramic pieces involved viewing each piece from a different perspective. She wanted to create pieces that displayed movement in different planes and provided the viewer with wonder as to where each twist and turn would lead. As with each different piece of clay and form of configuration, the pieces exemplify the different paths that she has encountered and what she has overcome.

CHRISTINE MIONE

Christine Mione resides in a small town on the south shore known as Abington. She enjoys romantic movies that can bring tears to her eyes. Christine spends as much time as possible at the beach during the summer, and long hours sitting by the fire with family during the holiday season. She looks forward to a career in communications.

MACKENZIE NACHTRIEB

A recent graduate from Curry College, Mackenzie plans to enjoy her summer. Soon after, she will begin traveling the world with her aunt. Her uniquely eccentric personality is what makes her stand out in a crowd and is what allows her to advance her skills as a visual arts major. Fascinated with teeth for absolutely no reason, her art is unusual and allows for a different reaction from everyone who looks at it.

GREG NASCA

Greg Nasca transferred to Curry in 2008 and graduated in May 2010 with a degree in Graphic Design. This is his first sculpture combining steel and ceramic. He is excited to continue a series of sculptures with these materials, which are inspired by his work in graphic design and the balance between the natural and man-made worlds.

LAUREN NICHOLS

Lauren Nichols is a senior Psychology major.

JOSHUA NYER

Joshua Nyer is a senior at Curry and is majoring in Communication. He is heavily involved in the Curry Theater program, performing in the shows *To See the Stars*, *New Plays '09*, *The Love Note*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Comedy Cafe*, and *Peanute*

Galleria. Josh has also been a stage manager (*New Plays '10*), director (*'10 Finale*), playwright (Directing Seminar, Scriptwriting and Scriptwriting Advanced classes), Playbill Editor (*Peanute Galleria*), and currently serves as the Curry Theater Board's Website Manager and Props Manager. Outside of his theater work, Josh is an associate at the Speaking Center, former employee of Starbucks, and will be spending his eighth year in a row working at summer camp.

DIANA PAPPAS

Diana Pappas graduated in 2009 with a major in English. She is from Westwood, Massachusetts and plans on one day publishing a novel.

LAURA POULIOT

Laura Pouliot is originally from North Providence, Rhode Island. She graduated from Curry with a degree in Graphic Design. Nature has been a big influence on her recent work. She takes outside photographs and transfers them to the computer to enhance them digitally.

JAMES REILLY

James Reilly graduated in May 2010 with a degree in Management.

PHILLIP REVIE

Phillip Revie lives neither here nor there, working as a Mountain Guide for Eastern Mountain Sports, except for when he's doing other things. He collects vintage tequila and shiny objects and enjoys pancakes and moonlit walks on the beach.

YASMEEN RIFAI

Yasmeen Rifai is an international student originally from Beirut, Lebanon. She lived near the Mediterranean Sea, with her parents and her older brother. She is currently studying at Curry College, which she enjoys, and encourages students to go there.

DANIEL BRADY ROACH

Daniel Brady Roach is a Curry College graduate and a fan of all things sci-fi, fantasy, and horror related. He enjoys reading manga and Steven Brust novels, as well as going to the movies with friends and family. Most of all, he enjoys being creative and writing stories for others to enjoy, especially his loved ones.

AMTUL SAEED

Raised in Ft. Myers, Florida and currently residing in Brockton, Massachusetts, Amtul Saeed is a senior at Curry. When she applied to Curry, she did so with the

intent of becoming an elementary school teacher. Amtul has always had a love for the arts and is glad that she is now working towards a Graphic Design degree that will allow her to express her own talent and the joy that art brings her.

JAKE SILINS

Jake Silins is a Graphic Design major.

CHRISTOPHER SWAN

Christopher Swan is a Graphic Design major from Springfield, Massachusetts.

ERIN WATERS

Erin Waters graduated in May 2010 with a major in Nursing.

JUSTIN WHEELER

Justin Wheeler is currently a junior majoring in Education and minoring in Asian studies. He loves Japanese history and culture, and desires to live and work in Japan. He enjoys samurai fictional stories and hopes to write a series of samurai novels as well as illustrate a samurai comic book.

JACQUES WIESE

Jacques Wiese is a Graphic Design major.

LAURA WILDER

Laura Wilder is a junior from Natick, Massachusetts.

PATRICK WILLIAMSON

Patrick Williamson is a Graphic Design major.

JED THOMAS ZATZKIN

After graduating from Curry, Jed Thomas Zatzkin drove cross-country on a Kerouac-like adventure finally arriving in Los Angeles. He is now an agent's assistant in a major literary agency in Beverly Hills. He is adjusting to life, surroundings, aesthetics, and traffic on the west coast and misses the changing seasons of New England where he was born and raised.

CURRY ARTS JOURNAL

SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

All Curry students are invited to submit quality poems, short stories, essays, script excerpts, and artwork on paper for consideration by a student/faculty panel. Submission deadlines occur at the end of the fall and spring semesters. Up to three submissions per person per semester will be reviewed. Each submission must be accompanied by a submission form. Forms are available in the Student Center (ask at the Information Desk), Levin Library, the Academic and Performance Center, Hafer, and Kennedy Buildings, and the Faculty Building. Please staple or paperclip a completed form to each submission and include your name on the back of the work. Do not include your name anywhere on the front of the piece (with the exception of artwork). Cover design submissions must include the word *Curry* in the Trajan font in keeping with the college standards for print publications. Prose pieces must be double-spaced. We strongly suggest that you have your literary pieces edited and proofread by a faculty member or an Academic Enrichment Center tutor before turning them in to the *Curry Arts Journal*.

Submissions can be sent or delivered to the Curry Arts Journal mailbox on the first floor of the Faculty Building. If your work is accepted, you will be notified ASAP and be asked to send us a MS Word formatted email attachment of your entry.

For more information, please contact Karen D'Amato at kdamato@curry.edu. We look forward to hearing from you!

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